Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 18, 1904 NUMBER 25

The Prairie.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THINE is not the lot of raped and weary lands,
Which man hath long debauched with his free hands.
Thy virtuous depths are still unsoaked
With blood fraternal, spilled by hands of brother men,
Which, lawless since their mother bore them
To the earth, have fiercely spread Despair
And Desolation through the chambers of her
Chaste domain. No wrecked and shattered piles
Of wicked, monumental stone, press them
Heavy on thy buoyant breasts.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The glory of a thousand creatures
Of Earth Mother, lying in the long swathes
Of the torn, death-smitten piles; the broken
Clutter of swords and guns, the glorious harvest
Of dead; women's sons and husbands, lying
Flat backed and stark, gray faced, with forced, clutched
Hands reached stiffly in the calm air towards
Star sifted Space of the mysterious Night;
The flare of burning towns, the cry of boys
And girls, borne quick to death beneath iron
Hoofs of horses; the wail of women crying
That their houses are bereft; despairing sobs
Of Virgins who shall never know the strong
Embracing of their heart's choice, slain in
The glorious fray—all these, the glories
Of the Man Race have not as yet embossed
In brass or aged stone,—the story
Of thy virgin soil.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Thine mother garb shall not
Be flecked with red and roaring cities
Going up in fire to the unbending skies.
Thine shall be the garb of unpolluted Earth—
The long mysterious swaying billows
Of the wheat, ripening, then yellowing,
For harvest; of the corn, tall-tasselled, green
As Emeralds; then frost touched, orange-yellow.
These long arrays, illimitable, vast;
Stretching from sun to sun-set—these shall clothe
Thy Mother limbs, when thy Virginity
Yields up the Treasure of its Life.

William D. Washburn, Jr.

From "Some Rejected Verse."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Notes	395
In Memoriam—Captain L. A. White	398
A New Creed—E. P. P.	399
The Awakening of a Soul—WILLIAM BRUNTON	399
Causes of the Modern Transformation of Religious Thought. REV. NEWTON MANN	400
VII. Unearthing of Extinct Civilizations—	
O Thou That Hearest Prayer—*Helen E. Starrett*	404
THE STUDY TABLE—	
Reviews by Mr. Chadwick	404
The Deliverance	404
English Men of Letters	404
Dr. John Brown	405
The Religion of an Educated Man	405
Crabbe	405
Getting a Living	406
Verses to Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson—*Robert Grant*	406
THE FIELD—	
Under the Leaves—*Albert Laighton*	406
Chicago, Unity Church	406
Seattle, Washington	406
Foreign Notes—M. E. H.	406

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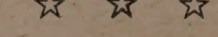
APPRECIATIONS.



From a St. Louis friend:

"I need time for reading more than periodicals and intend to cut down my list for the coming year; but UNITY stands so strongly for what is highest and best in life and shows so positively the courage of its convictions that I feel I must do my little to sustain it."

From a Massachusetts friend:

"I enjoy UNITY very much and cannot do without it. Long may it wave."

From a friend in Indian Territory:

"I enclose a postoffice order for two dollars, for which please give me credit on your books. I asked you for a discontinuance last year, as money was so scarce with me, but you kindly sent it during the year, and I wish to express my gratitude to you and an appreciation of the paper and the noble spirit in publishing a paper for the betterment and aid to higher living of your fellows, even if it 'never pays expenses.' I remain gratefully yours."

One of our Chicago friends:

"I have enjoyed the weekly visit of UNITY and I appreciate it very highly. I am so situated that it is almost impossible for me to attend church services, so UNITY is all I have to keep me in touch with church affairs. I would indeed fall far behind if it were not for my weekly feast."

Another Chicago friend:

"Whatever I read or do not read, I always read UNITY through from cover to cover."

From a Vermont friend:

"I will send subscription the first of next month, for I *cannot* give up UNITY yet. I *never* fail to find something helpful."

From Lawrence, Kansas:

"I send you the subscription for UNITY. It grows better and better if that be possible. I enjoy it all and read it all."

From a Chicago friend:

"It gives me true pleasure to renew my subscription to UNITY for another year."

From a Michigan friend:

"I cannot let my subscription go without a word of acknowledgment and gratitude for your work on UNITY. The editorial pages, which I especially value, touch topics of vital interest from a broad, just and rational standpoint scarce reached by any other publication which I see. May you live long and be able to interpret the truth as you see it, to the end."

From Massachusetts:

"My sympathy with UNITY was never so strong as now."

From New York:

"Enclosed please find amount of year's subscription to UNITY for my sister. She has been ill and wretched for the past two years, and UNITY has been of the greatest help to her. She has told me of your most liberal kindness in sending the paper to her free."

From a Wisconsin friend:

"We think everything of UNITY."

From an Illinois friend:

"I am too hard up to pay my subscription now but cannot do without the paper. Please send me a notice next July and I'll pay all, both old and new. May you live long and prosper. I'm running a paper myself."

From New York:

"UNITY is more welcome than ever to me in this quiet country home, and I look anxiously for its regular greeting. With the same hope for its success on all lines, I am sincerely its friend."

UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1904. NUMBER 25

That is a notable as well as a quotable saying of our new Secretary of War, "The Philippines for the Filipinos." Fortunate is our government in having the portfolio of war entrusted to the hands of a man with such sentiments. We trust that his wisdom will prevail in the councils of the nation.

The Marquette Club of Chicago boasts of a splendid membership. It represents the wealth, culture and character of the republican party. Hence all the more surprising and lamentable was its desecration of Lincoln's birthday by making it the occasion of a party rally. The address of Secretary Shaw, opening the presidential campaign for 1904 in Chicago, legitimate and able in itself, was a poor way of celebrating the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, who has long since passed beyond the bounds of party and of nationality. The day is near at hand when the name of Lincoln, like the name of Washington, will become common property and common inspiration which no party, sect, class or race will presume to hold in monopoly.

UNITY extends its fellowship to the *Farmers' Call*, which, in an editorial entitled "The Successful Farmer Paper" makes the claim that, while the *Call* is not so large or so fine as some of its competitors that "make money through their advertising columns," it has done much to interest the public in those things that make for the welfare of the farmer. And so it consider itself "successful," and prefers its obscurity to the credit that would come from the "prosperity represented by the millions of Schwab and Morgan." This paper advocated good roads years before road improvement was popular. It advocated the consolidation of the little rural school houses into the graded school at the center of the town, with public transportation for the pupils, at a time when the suggestion was ridiculed. Now it is almost popular. It advocated "rural delivery" ten years before the realization, and lost subscribers among the farmers because it was "cranky." It would seem that it is for some such ends as these that a paper should exist, and that its existence ought not to depend upon the whims or the wisdom of an advertising constituency which insists that a paper must first be "successful" before it is granted the only conditions upon which success can come to a journal in these days. A weekly paper should at least have a message and exist for a cause, instead of being a speculation, exploited for money gain.

The *Butte Miner* gave to the citizens on Monday morning, January 25, what the great metropolitan blanket sheets have unfortunately ceased to give, viz., the continuous word, the complete utterance of one of its ministers on the Sunday previous. For many years a Boston newspaper was wont to give weekly the ungarbled and unabridged sermon of James Freeman Clarke. For many years the Chicago *Inter Ocean* did the same for David Swing. It used to be the good practice of all papers of any metropolitan pretension to give from time to time such unbroken utterances of the local pulpit as seemed worthy of wider publication. Now the passion for editing has substituted columns of garbled "snippets," which necessarily inadequately represent and oftentimes misrepresent the message of the preacher, and which can only add to the mental debility of readers already weakened from want of continuous study and sustained reading of anything. The particular sermon given to the citizens of Butte is one on "Revelation in the Light of Evolution" by our old friend Lewis J. Duncan, who has not lost his heroic gift of continuance until his theme be rounded out. It is a clear and high utterance in which we find this story, which may be new to some of our readers, as it is to us:

> Doctor Rossiter Raymond, one of our American geologists, tells the following story: "I complained once to Mr. Beecher that the clergy would not stand still in their interpretations of Moses. Said I, 'If you have got an authorized revelation, why don't you give it to us?' 'My boy,' replied Beecher, in a mysterious whisper, 'It is all your fault! If you geologists will once tell us, finally and absolutely, what science proves, we will give you the exact meaning of Moses on the following Sunday!'"

The program of a meeting of the Central Wisconsin Medical Society recently held in Janesville, Wisconsin, is before us, in which we read that "the special feature of the meeting will be a paper by Dr. D. W. Williams of Chicago, which no member can afford to miss." This paper was on "Wounds of the Chest, Perforating the Diaphragm," etc. This must have been a proud occasion both to Dr. Williams and to many of the Janesville residents whose memories go back with that of the present writer, a quarter of a century ago, when the now honored guest and essayist was simply "Dan Williams," the "brush" in Harry Anderson's barber shop, and who was the boy that played the 'cello in All Souls Church. But "Dan" was a bright boy then. He early became interested in the study classes of All Souls Church, pushed himself into the high school work, became at first office boy, then student and assistant to the leading physician in the city, graduated with honors from a Chicago medical school, helped to establish the Provident Hospital in Chicago, and gave two or more years to similar hospital service in Washington. He has won for himself international fame in surgery, is an honored, successful and prosperous practitioner in Chicago. "Dan" was a colored boy, and

now in his person is an honored and conspicuous refutation of the implication, which is more social than scientific in its origin, that the colored race is doomed in the very nature of things to be a servant and subservient race. Spite of the social handicap, Dr. Williams, like Dr. Du Bois, Booker T. Washington, S. Laing Williams and thousands of others, prove that "a man's a man for a' that," and the long line is steadily increasing. There is but one solution to the race question, whether the race be white, black or yellow, and that is elevation, education and a free field, forever a free field, with increasing encouragements and decreasing obstacles.

The *Advocate of Peace* for February bristles with "Good News" indeed, news doubly welcome in these days of telegraphic details of wholesale murder and high-handed destruction of property under direct authority of two great nations and with the consent of the civilized world, the "Powers" of which are standing around watching the fight with too manifest enjoyment, albeit with a mental protest and ethical humiliation. This paper gives the details of the recent arbitration conference held at Washington, a most notable gathering, attended by representatives from nineteen states and many colleges;—judges, senators, lawyers, men eminent in ecclesiastical and academic circles were there. Presidents Prather of the University of Texas, David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, and Dr. Gilman, recently of Johns Hopkins, stood at the head of the latter class; Cardinal Gibbons and Edward Everett Hale represented an inclusive clergy indeed. Andrew Carnegie, Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. Hale, General Miles, Rabbi Silverman, Samuel Gompers and Hon. J. M. Dickinson were among the speakers. The latter showed with searching pathos how the men who would have been the leaders of the South today were killed off in 1861-5. The speaker need not have hesitated to apply the same remark to the North. Mr. Carnegie said:

> The greatest blot upon civilization today is failure to provide courts for the settlement of international differences. Our race first abolished settlement of individual disputes by private war; it seems her proper work to lead in taking the one step farther and abolishing the killing of man by man as the only mode of settling international disputes.

Vigorous plans were laid for the thirteenth international peace congress which is to be held in this country next year. This great meeting, which in its public gatherings filled La Fayette Square Theater to the topmost gallery, was arranged by a committee of which Edwin D. Mead was chairman. We wish every reader of UNITY might become a reader of the *Advocate of Peace*, which appears monthly and can be secured by the payment of a dollar a year, at 31 Beacon St., Boston. There is no such argument for peace as the telegraphic dispatches in times of war.

Chicago is sadly bereaved. Within a week, three men whose names and fame have been intimately associated with what is best in Chicago for over a quarter of a century came to unexpected death. William Mavor, who was completing his fourth year as alderman of Chicago, suddenly fell at his post in the City Hall from a stroke of apoplexy from which he never recovered. In less than three days the strong man breathed his last. Alderman Mavor was clearly the strongest man in the city council. Head of the finance committee, he was leader of the band that redeemed the city council from its low estate, but the impecunious condition of the city, the extra duties, and still more the extra worries that were brought upon him by the Iroquois Theater disaster, laid upon him the incessant work which hastened the end. He fell like a soldier at his post. He sold his life dearly. While Alderman Mavor was lying unconscious at his home, Ex-Mayor John A. Roche left his office for consultation with the leading editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, and in apparently full health, in the prime of life, he was smitten in the same way in the editor's sanctum and was carried home to die. Mr. Roche's record as mayor is a part of the public history of Chicago and is well known, but his story as one of the pillars of the Third Unitarian Church, and for one time sole trustee, and all the time chief business head of the Lewis Institute, are stories not so well known but deserving of wide publication and as wide emulation. Ex-Mayor Roche leaves a wife and three children to mourn him: a daughter, the wife of Professor Howland of the University of Chicago; a son, a recent graduate of Harvard College, and a daughter, who is a student at Bryn Mawr. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. James Vila Blake, so many years his pastor, and Rev. W. H. Pulsford, his present pastor, minister of the Church of the Messiah. While the bodies of these strong men were still unburied, John M. Hamline, the hero of civil service reform in Chicago, a reform alderman before the reformation, was breathing his last from an acute attack of pneumonia. Thus in one week Chicago loses three of its strong men and conspicuous leaders. Surely there is a call for the competent men who perhaps have been standing waiting in the rear to step to the front and occupy the vacant places.

That was skillful politics on the part of the President when he made public the names of those who indorsed "Doc" Jamieson for the specially made office in the Chicago custom house, against which we, in common with the clean-handed in politics throughout Chicago, protested. It is strongly suspected that some of these men would have hesitated to lend their names had they known that the unlooked for publicity was forthcoming. But one of the leading republican papers in Chicago, a loyal administration paper, called attention to the significant fact that the President did not give publicity to the names of those who protested. It is not expected that the public at large could know that the name of John M. Smyth, the leading sponsor, was of itself incriminating evidence to the "Doctor's" "political dexterity." Even Walter Wellman, the staunch friend of the administration, the journalistic sponsor of the President's candidacy for renomination, admitted in the columns of the *Record-Herald* that

the President had stooped to "play dirty politics in minor places," but added that he had maintained his high standards on the large questions and concerning important appointments. It is because we wish well to the administration and share with the multitude the admiration for the excellent parts discoverable in our President, and for his sake as well as for the sake of the country, that we call attention to the fact that the custom house in Chicago is now passed over into the hands of two political "hustlers," whose chief qualifications for the office lie in the fact of their having helped a certain Hopkins to a seat in the United States senate—and he had a debt to pay. The President ought to know, also, what is coming to be a notorious fact, that the names of Lorimer, Jamieson, Yates and Hopkins are an offense in the nostrils of all high-minded republicans in Illinois, those who believe in civil service reform and that public office is a public trust and not a private asset. These names and their associates have covered the honored name of Illinois with reproach, and they are now a handicap to the republican party; and, unless they are rebuked and overthrown, they will bring about the defeat and death of the party, which is rich in traditions and is confronted with such magnificent opportunities. The republicans of the state of Illinois may well pray for a new baptism of the spirit of Lyman Trumbull and George W. Curtis.

Chicago, in common with other centers of thought and patriotism, is exercised over the arrest and confinement of John Turner, the pacific Englishman whose only crime seems to lie in believing that we are too much governed and that progress lies in the direction of the increase of individual responsibility and the reduction of statutory regulation. A petition headed by some of the leading jurists and citizens of Chicago is being circulated for his release, and public meetings are being held. As it seems to us, the arrest and confinement of John Turner was not only undemocratic and wrong in principle, but it was a great political blunder. It was as bad in policy as it was in principle, but we fear that he is incarcerated according to law, so that the mistake is not that of the officers but of the law-makers. The law was passed in heat and without the deliberation and dignity that becomes such a body as the Congress of the United States. It is the result of a failure to discriminate between philosophy and ethical degeneracy. The disordered minds that have inflicted violence upon those in power in the past or are in danger of doing the same in the future have little in common with the idealists who hope for a benignant development of humanity, so that it may become a law unto itself, or who at least think that safety lies in raising personal responsibility to the maximum and in reducing official control to the minimum. Our own thinking seems to be tending in the other direction. We are inclined to believe that with the development of man the interests and will of the individual must more and more be subordinated to the interests and well-being of the whole, and that the developed man will be more and more willing to have his freedom of choice circumscribed in the interest of that larger freedom and the better life of all. Because of this tendency in our own mind we are more anxious to testify to the benignancy of such prophets of individualism as Herbert Spencer, Tolstoy, Kropotkin, and, as we understand them, the major lights of history, of which he of Nazareth and the Athenian martyr are leaders and types. If, as we are informed, John Turner is a non-combatant of the Quaker type, there seems to be but little excuse for the American government to lock him up as a dangerous animal because he is an English subject, while thousands upon thousands of pacific Quakers and other non-resistants are enjoying the utmost freedom as honored citizens of the republic.

The February number of the *Kingdom*, published in San Francisco, has a most suggestive and prophetic article entitled "The Settlements of Today, the Public Schools of Tomorrow." The writer, Christopher Ruess, argues that the settlement is in fact a "sociological clinic," although its efficiency lies in its ignorance of this fact. It undertakes to study the sundered classes in our present social order, and, by a "leveling-up process to equalize somewhat the opportunities which would form the foundation of a practical democracy." But he also argues, and we think with force, that outside a few potent centers, triumphant clearing-houses of the humanities, of which the Hull House is the most conspicuous success, most settlements expend all their energy in getting up steam, and a settlement, like a church, that merely succeeds in existing, sooner or later comes to the imbecility which belongs to dependents and paupers. As a matter of fact, as well as of prophecy, the great public school of tomorrow, when the settlements shall have made themselves unnecessary or have succeeded in passing over their work to the public school, will do well the work which settlements now at best do but poorly. The writer says, "Just as the struggling free school of yesterday prophesied the great public school of today, so these struggling settlements prophesy the great public school of tomorrow, when there will be money enough invested in it to save more than its equivalent from the cost of police, courts, jails and penitentiaries, and when the school house shall become a neighborhood center" (a phrase which UNITY began to exploit many, many years ago). This will give not only to the principal, but to every teacher in the school, prominence in the community; they will occupy coveted positions.

"Then it will become the announced and the actual business of the schools not merely to make boys and girls into clever men and women, clever to bless or to curse society,—which indeed is not the business of the schools today in the minds of teachers worthy of their ministry,—but to make boys and girls into men and women of character and into citizens who have ideals and are willing to pay the price of their idealism whether in private life or in public service.

"This prophecy is not a filmy dream of the barely possible. The three tendencies counted on to realize this ideal of the greater public school are already in action. What educator is not hoping and working for fewer pupils to the teacher, for better salaries for teachers and for more men in the profession? Has not Boston already begun to make of

her school-houses neighborhood centers? And is there any question more earnestly discussed by educators, preachers, business men and parents than that of the duty of the public schools to make the children of the land into honest, truthful, courageous, firm-principled private citizens and public servants?"

In Memoriam,—Captain L. A. White.

The Captain was a soldier after the order of Chevalier Bayard—without fear and without reproach. His record in the war for the Union was a brilliant one, leading as he did one of Illinois' most famous batteries. That he did his duty in camp was evidenced by his love for his boys, manifested after the war, and still more by their love for him. This comrade took the war seriously and he enlisted for life. It rearranged his habits of thought as well as of action. He was forever a soldier on duty, guarding the honor of his country on the picket line of the advance.

Of course this man's humanity was his theology, and his Sunday religion was his week-day practice. Humanity was to him the family of God and every helper a savior, time a part of eternity and death a physical incident in the career of the soul. He was a layman not ashamed to confess his religious convictions and not too busy to work for such convictions. He took counsel neither of bigotry on the one hand nor of personal liberty theories on the other to release him from his social obligations in the ethical and spiritual concerns of life.

He was one of the few survivors of those who over thirty years ago welcomed the Senior Editor of UNITY into his first parish. He was the superintendent of the little Sunday-school at Winnetka. Having served an efficient apprenticeship in the larger work of Unity Church in Chicago, in the last years of his life he rendered as willing and persistent service in the Universalist parish that worships at Ryder Memorial Chapel of Woodlawn, on the South Side of Chicago, in which neighborhood he lived.

The present writer always regarded Captain White as a conspicuous type of the man who is too good to "succeed" in the narrow, commercial sense of the word. He might have made money. He had the energy, the geniality and the integrity necessary to a high business success, but, thank God, he also had the sense of comradeship, a joy in accommodation, an abiding sense of others' needs and of his obligation to the community, and all these qualities interfered with the business that brings outward success at the cost of inward failure.

On Sunday last, having completed his seventy-three years and more, the worn-out veteran was laid to rest. We are glad that he lived so long; we are glad that he is at rest; that when strength failed, the discharge came.

> "Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in death so noble."

To the old comrades, civic and military, the word is, "Close up! Touch elbows! Keep the line unbroken! Keep the colors flying and moving!"

With the dear ones of the home circle, the wife and three manly boys, we ask a mourner's place. Our sympathy for them and companionship with them must go unspoken; they will understand. We will not mock their grief, but we must not be ungrateful, and woe must not ripen into despondency, still less into despair.

"For in the father's house are many mansions."

The universe is economic. It does not waste a grain of sand or lose a ray of light; much less will it allow such potency as this to cease to be. After darkness comes the dawn of the new day.

"I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

A New Creed.

A slip of paper has dropped on The Table from the Log-Cabin Shop at Wausau, Wis. On it is printed a short and simple creed, which seems so hopeful, and on the whole so helpful, that we take it for our editorial text. The articles are ten in number; they are secular as well as religious in bearing, and have the happy purpose of making religion and every-day life identical. The first article reads, "We believe in the God in man." This may not seem so large an assertion as belief in a God in the universe, but after all it is placing the emphasis at a very important point. It is a very easy thing to lose sight of the climacteric thought, that while God is immanent in the universe, he is supremely immanent in man. With this conviction that every man is an expression of the divine life, we have laid the foundation for an altruism that will forbid injustice and make love determinative.

The second article reads, "We believe that within ourselves lies Heaven and Hell." This terse sentence has the decided advantage of avoiding denials, and in the place of denials creating a great affirmation. We do not need any longer to waste time in declaring that local heavens and hells, as places of future reward and punishment, are inventions of priestcraft; what we do need is to affirm with all our might that virtue creates heavenly conditions within our own souls, and that vice just as surely creates the hellish. Selfishness ruins, and generosity blesses—not only the receiver, but the giver. To create heavenly conditions is the supreme religious object of life.

The third article reads, "We believe that everything is inspired that is inspiring." This article also we like, because it avoids an attack upon the so-called revealed religion; it says nothing ungenerous of the Bible, and therefore awakens no antagonism. It gets at the fundamental truth that whatever, either in books or out of books, puts the right spirit into us, is from an inspired source. It indirectly asserts the great truth that God speaks to man directly, and everywhere, and not indirectly through a revelation that was sealed a thousand years ago.

The fourth article of our creed reads, "We believe in Nature, animate and inanimate." Perhaps this is not an unwarranted restatement of the doctrine of immanent deity. The whole drift of modern life and thought is toward nature study. We are learning in our schools to speak of the world as the expression of

divine life—it is sacred, and to be reverenced. Every process of nature speaks to us a benevolent purpose; it is God in and through all things. This is not a new doctrine, but a resurrection of the old Greek thought, that every man lives in God and God in every man. To come to a more complete understanding of nature is the gospel of education, of manly living, and of holy aspiration. When we have learned to find the True, the Beautiful and the Good in every grain of sand and in every bud and leaf, we shall not have failed to find the love of God in every human being. For this reason we cannot help rejoicing in the modern trend away from city life to country life. It expresses a renewed and growing passion for Nature.

The creed from which we quote goes on to say, "We believe that each day is a step in the ladder that leads up." The old theology impressed us very strongly with the value of time. It did not lack in its urgency against the waste of an hour. It rightfully bade us give to God the passing moment. The new theology differs from the old only in this, that we hold less to prayer and more to doing, or rather the doing involves the praying. Our dedication of time to high purpose requires of us such a sanctification of each day, that we shall feel at the close of it that we are broader in our sympathies, manlier in our purposes; and that it is easier for us to live purely and truly than at the beginning of the day. Our individualism becomes worthy through living for others.

But we have followed this creed of The Philosopher Press mainly because it leads us into a new relation to the body. It does not exhaust itself upon what is called, distinctively from the body, the soul. Its closing articles are, "We believe in expressing the soul's best thought, in the hand's best work." "We believe in honesty and sincerity, with energy." "We believe in beauty and simplicity, with utility." "We believe in the dignity of toil and the joy of work; and that we shall yet win back art to our daily labor." These clauses are somewhat tautological, which is perhaps excusable in the way of emphasis. They all bring out the clear thought that daily labor must be hereafter sanctified; that the work of the body should be held as righteous as the aspirations of the soul—in other words, the body should do nothing which does not express an aspiring purpose and a glowing hope. The dignity of toil is an item that must come back into the creed of every man and of every church that would find God. The hands, and all that the hands can perform, should be devoted to Godliness. In other words, we must learn to look upon our daily lives in their simplicity as something quite as holy as prayer or belief. It is in the full spirit of this sort of righteousness that our creed adds, "We believe in the clean hand, the clean mind, and the clean heart." We have seen nothing more complete or better expressed than this summary of belief—a clean hand united to a clean mind, and expressing the conceptions and aspirations of a clean heart, fulfill the whole duty of man. This effort to express an epitome of belief in sympathy with the age, and collateral with modern investigation, is what we need—brief, compact formulas that can be caught up by the people, in the place of articles that grew up in past ages, and have no more possible adjustment to the present day duties than wooden plows and spinning jennies. E. P. P.

The Awakening of A Soul.

This soul had lived as a seed in the ground awaiting the spring that it might know its own powers of resurrection; that it might manifest itself in strength and beauty; and the day of God came to it, and it was blest with his wisdom and grace. It awoke to the beauty of the world and lived in its sunshine.

It befell this way that for long it seemed in a half dream with the duties of the days in their due course, but with no particular interest in them save that they came and disappeared in the silence of the night. The mind was aware of the various experiences and transactions of its lot, and it took them as matters of course. They were, and that was all there was to them. The soul was a non-interested witness of it all. It lived right along without consideration of it. Why should it worry? Life was thrust upon it, and little went with it in the way of understanding and light. It was there, that it knew right well, but it had no vision further, and in this gloom it lived, if you can call that living.

Yet it was not content, and it wondered at this. There were stirrings from without that invaded the heart within, and it had to recognize that something was trying to communicate with it. It was sure of that because the appeals of experience were directed to it. They touched the body with pain, disappointment, burden, and yet translated themselves in speech to the soul. Surely that was strange. Why not let sickness keep in its own province; why not let hunger and hardship deal with the body merely? But here they were as assailants of the quiet of the spirit! Man is only here for a little season—we all know that—and it would seem foolish that he should fear and tremble in that little while—unless——

Perhaps there might be something at the back of this. Perhaps there was good for the soul which it must be quickened to see! Yes, here was question in the soul itself. It began to feel as if it were throwing off sleep and coming to itself. The joys of life had more and more to say to it, for the marvel is the plenitude of good all about us and waiting in all places for our finding. Hope spoke brave words to it, faith took hold of it, and on a morning, early in the spring, the great awakening was. It had escaped from rest and gone to see the glory of the sunrise, and yet the stars were glistening above, then the gray grew to glory and the full sweep of the morning came and filled all the heavens and all the earth. How wonderful that was, and with it came a message to the soul which made it live. It was truly awake in that light and in a brighter light behind it. The world was no longer a world of dust; it was the garment of God, the revelation of the Eternal Love. The soul somehow knew this; it was inspired with the insight and the understanding of all things that it gives. It was looking into a mirror and it saw the secret of its own grace, and in the fervor of gratitude it said, "I will live, I will live in the strength of this blessing all the days of my life—and life will be for the days and the years and the ever."

And this is how that soul was as beautiful as a spring flower, and had the cheer of a bird, but was more beautiful and glad than these, because it was a man—and it lived in the grace of a true child of God!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE PULPIT.

Causes of the Modern Transformation of Religious Thought.

Given at Unity Church, Omaha, Feb. 7, by Rev. Newton Mann.

VII.

UNEARTHING OF EXTINCT CIVILIZATIONS.

As we have seen, the evidences accumulate that this is an old, old world. Geology wearies out our apprehension with its multiplied and long-during ages, and paleontology, pushing its successful quest of fossil remains up through one after another of these ages, overwhelms us with a sense of the incalculable remoteness of the time when life began on the planet, setting the beginnings even of human life back too far to be determinable. Still, perhaps the keenest sense of the antiquity of man beyond the old reckoning has come from the exhuming in quite recent times of long forgotten cities and of their written records testifying to a somewhat advanced civilization existing more than 6,000 years ago. The stories of Herodotus and other ancient historians, where they contravened the biblical tradition, have not counted for much, even the statement of Callisthenes, pupil of Aristotle and preceptor of Alexander, that one bright morning after the Greeks had taken Babylon he had the pleasure of visiting the observatory there and examining at his leisure a careful record of astronomical observations extending back over a period of 1,903 years,—that is, back to within 115 years of the date when, according to the biblical story, Noah and his family weathered the flood, the sole survivors of the human race,—even this statement of an eye-witness, eminently competent, went for little, and was generally forgotten. How different the impression, obtained from having evidences of this character placed under our own eyes, does not need to be pointed out.

While in Asia east and south of the Himalayas two great divisions of the human race, counting about half the population of the globe, have maintained themselves in perpetuity from earliest recorded time, preserving their ancient languages and literatures, the empires to the west in Asia and Africa, after flourishing through an exceedingly long period, went to complete decay, the sites of Nineveh and Babylon becoming a desert, scarce even a ruin peering above the sand, inscriptions on the ever-enduring monuments of Egypt looking in vain through twenty weary centuries for an eye able to discipher them. When in the third decade of the last century Champollon by means of the Rosetta Stone got hold of the key of the hieroglyphics, old Egypt began to rise up before the modern world. From that time excavations have gone on with great vigor, and some of the acutest minds in the world have been engaged in unraveling the intricacies of a history stretching back through bewildering, long-forgotten reigns and dynasties. The mass of inscriptions copied from monuments and gathered from tombs is already immense, enabling Egyptologists to make out the royal succession from the first king, Mena, who reigned about 4700 B. C., down to the last of the native kings, where Greek and Roman historians take up the record, thus filling in a period of more than 4,000 years which before had been all but a blank in history.

From the amount of writing everywhere in evidence, on the countless monuments, in the tombs, in every heap of ruins, expectation was naturally high of unearthing here another great literature, comparable to that preserved in the Sanscrit, a book of religion, perhaps, as noble as the Avesta. This hope has not been fulfilled. This people seem not to have had many books; they wrote no connected histories, no great poems, did not acquire any distinctively literary style. Very religious in their way, they were poor in religious literature. Of religious books we are told that the library catalogue of the large temple at Edfu, which probably had them all, enumerated only thirty-six, those mostly ritualistic. After 2000 B. C. a considerable collection of writings came into use, called the "Book of Going out in Daytime," now commonly known as the "Book of the Dead." This, like everything else about ancient Egypt, goes on the positive assumption of immortality, and is interesting chiefly as showing into what inanities the mind of a people will run when turned so much on a subject of which nothing can be found out,—the work consisting in great part of magic formulæ for the guidance of the soul after death. Egypt has little enough in the way of religious or philosophic thought to attract the modern mind. Religion there more than elsewhere in the early time went unreservedly into rites and ceremonies and to keeping up the memory of the dead. But their living among the tombs did not make them gloomy; they were rather light-hearted and joyous in their religion, in which, crude as it was, they found abundant consolation. A small educated class doubtless rose in some measure above the prevailing superstition, had higher conceptions of the gods, put a different significance into the ritual; but the works to indicate this have not survived to any great extent. With all their religiousness, the creative genius of this people did not lie in that direction. Their strength was not in thinking, but in doing. Theirs are the great works in stone, almost the only structural works of a high antiquity that have survived in any large measure the tooth of time. They had an art and an architecture, as we have long known, but how long ago in these they attained a high degree of perfection we are just beginning to find out. Dr. Petrie in a recent magazine article describes the exhuming of a precious ivory statuette of a king of the first dynasty. As the workmen were digging away, "suddenly," he says, "a patterned robe and then a marvelous face appeared in the dust, and there came forth from his six-thousand-year sleep one of the finest portrait figures that have ever been seen. Wearing the crown of Upper Egypt, and clad in his thick embroidered robe, this old king, wily yet feeble with the weight of years, stands for the diplomacy and statecraft of the oldest civilized kingdom that we know. No later artist of Egypt, no Roman portrait-maker, no Renaissance Italian, has outdone the truth and expression of this oldest royal portrait, coming from the first dynasty of Egypt. . . . We must now grant in future that a complete art had arisen nearly seven thousand years ago, and that it has seldom been equaled and hardly ever surpassed in the five fresh births of art which have occupied the course of human history."

Probably to many minds this testimony of the distinguished Egyptologist to the existence of a well-developed civilization in which so advanced an art as sculpture had attained rare perfection 7,000 years ago, more distinctly negatives the biblical story of creation than the geologists' requirement of 50,000,000 years for the laying down of the sedimentary rocks.

With Jews and Christians Egypt has always been closely associated with the history of Israel. The first five books of the Bible are largely made up of what purports to be an account of the sons of Jacob, ancestors of the twelve tribes of Israel, going down into Egypt, of the growth there of their descendants in the course of some centuries into a numerous people, their hardships, and their miraculous escape, in sufficient numbers to have 600,000 men bearing arms, into the

Arabian desert, whence after long wanderings they passed into Canaan and established themselves. When Egypt began to give up her records it was fully expected that ample confirmation of this account would be forthcoming. Nothing of the kind has yet turned up. Some observers of the monuments, eager for this evidence, have imagined that they could make out Hebrew faces in the representations of slaves at work in the quarries or on the pyramids,—as though, considering the unavoidable infiltration of foreign blood in subsequent times, it were possible to say what the typical Hebrew features were 3,500 years ago! The absence of any reference to the sojourn of the Israelites in the country is remarkable. We might expect the Egyptians to refrain from chronicling their discomfitures, as when their magicians, after having successfully imitated Moses in turning rods into serpents, in turning water into blood, in producing frogs, failed ignominiously in the effort to make lice, leaving the Hebrew to carry off the palm in that business. We could hardly blame them for suppressing the catastrophe to Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, and the escape of the vast cavalcade of slaves; but some mention of Moses would have been in order, and especially of Joseph, who contributed so much to the glory of the kingdom. Not a word of them, however, nor of their people. The Pentateuch gives no dates, and never mentions any Egyptian ruler by name, calling one and all by the general term "Pharaoh." Since the opening up of Egyptian history grave difficulties have been encountered in making the Hebrew story fit in. The points of least resistance generally settled on after laborious consideration were the reign of Rameses II. for the bondage and persecution, and that of his successors Meneptah for the Exodus; a conclusion which, as has been seen and admitted all along, is beset with many difficulties. A severe blow has recently been given to it by the discovery of one commemorative slab on which the name Israel occurs. This, designated the Stele of Meneptah, records the triumph of that monarch over the Israelites *in Palestine*,—an incident not to be reconciled with the theory that they commenced their forty years' wandering in the desert in his reign after seeing him and his host engulfed in the Red Sea.

Thus the whole matter of the sojourn in Egypt is left in considerable doubt. That there are fabulous elements in it has always been apparent, and now it would appear that the whole story is in the main a work of the Hebrew imagination, having only slight foundation of fact. It has long been subject of no little wonder that a tribe after dwelling some centuries in Egypt should have emerged with so little trace of having been in touch with the customs and the religion of that country. On their first appearance in Palestine they lacked the civilization of Egypt, were inferior, except in a rude art of warfare, to their neighbors, knew nothing of embalming, had no idea of personal immortality. In their ritual, completed 800 years later, we do find the Egyptian ideas of defilement and purification, but this agreement points to unavoidable intercourse with Egypt in later time rather than to a far-anterior dwelling in that country.

While from the contiguity of Egypt to Palestine and the occasional predominance of that power over parts of this and the surrounding regions of Asia Minor, Israel was subjected at times to an Egyptian influence, a fixed aversion to that people, together with the fact that the influences generally prevailing in western Asia through all the early period of Hebrew history derived from the great empires on the Euphrates, made Babylon and Assyria, and afterward Persia, the principal external forces shaping the course of Hebrew thought for a thousand years. At whatever date the Hebrews established themselves in Palestine—and it is believed they were there in considerable numbers before the time of Moses—they dwelt among kindred peoples, the Semites of one name and another occupying the great part of Hither Asia, Phoenicians in the west, Assyrians in the east, all dominated to great extent by Babylon, also Semitic. Babylonian conceptions of the world and of man, of the origin of things, of the course of events since the creation, circulated throughout that region, and the Israelites had not to wait till the period of captivity to become acquainted with them. What these conceptions were has until recently been matter of conjecture only, based on a few dubious statements of Greek and Hebrew historians, and the furious invectives of Hebrew prophets. A plain indication that Hebrew tradition does not really go back of Assyrian times is found in the fact that Assyria is the first name of empire in the Bible, occurring in the description of the location of Eden. Of course no direct reference to existing cities or empires can go back of the Flood, and so Hebrew tradition knows nothing of the founding of the Assyrian power at Asur, which took place somewhat before that mythical date, the utmost stretch being to the building of Nineveh by Asshur or Asur (Genesis, 10:11), which is the name of the chief god of the Assyrians. The correct indication is given that this power was an offshoot from Babylonia, but of the fact that Babylon had a history reaching yet further back by several thousand years, the writer of Genesis had no idea. The widening out of history over this long period is the recent triumph of archeologists, paralleling their work in Egypt, and has, from the circumstances of the case, produced a yet more profound surprise.

Unlike the valley of the Nile which the annual overflow of the river has kept fertile and so in a measure populous, the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, once the seats of mighty empires, have now these twenty centuries been mostly a desert-waste, no pyramids lifting themselves up in solemn protest, no wealth of ruined temples with inscription-covered walls appearing above the sand,—only mounds of wind-drifted earth to mark the sites of cities the most imposing probably that the world has ever seen. Assyria was the first to attract the attention of explorers, and before the middle of the last century excavations had brought to light astonishing remains of art and architecture. Abounding inscriptions in the beautiful cuneiform writing, so called because the characters are combinations of a wedge-shaped stroke, carry the history of this people up into the nineteenth century B. C., and show them to have been through more than a thousand years an intrepid race, builders of cities, fierce and ferocious warriors. They were not a meditative people producing poets and prophets. Their books they brought from Babylon, the mother-city to the south, and thence came also their language and religion, modified in the course of time to suit the varying conditions. It was a material civilization, a civilization whose aim was conquest, whose ideal, expressed in art, in social organization and government, was force.

A greater interest, especially for our present purpose, attaches to the older kingdom, whose people were of a milder temper and less absorbed in merely material aims. Excavation on the site of Babylon began about 1850, and was at once rewarded with such results that it has since gone on apace. The city, whose extent and glory Herodotus painted in colors which used to be thought extravagant, was built not very far from what was then the mouth of the Euphrates, on the alluvial soil of the valley. Stone was not at hand, and so the construction, in contrast with the Assyrian cities, was mainly of brick. The necessity of putting

the mural inscriptions in this material led to the use of terra-cotta tablets for all manner of writing, and of these tablets vast quantities have been exhumed, including royal libraries, from which it has been possible to reconstruct Babylonian history far up into the third millennium before Christ, to get a distinct idea of the Babylonians themselves, their manners and customs, their law, their government, their religion. Here was a people who did have the literary faculty, who swayed the world by their intelligence as well as by the force of arms, among whom flourished poets, philosophers, historians, in whose speculations it was but natural that right there in the fruitful land that they loved should have been placed the primitive seat of the human race, the Eden in which the world's first family was established. A tablet containing in Babylonian text the story of this first man and of his fall found its way to Egypt in the days when Babylon and Egypt were the two great world-powers, and has been recently picked up there. It is dotted all over with red Egyptian ink, marks of an Egyptian scholar of that far-off time, pen in hand, working out the intricacies of a foreign tongue,—fact of immense interest, showing how the Babylonian writings went round the world. In the Babylonian sphere of influence, which included all Hither Asia, they must have freely circulated, and could not but have had to do with the shaping of Hebrew legends and with the formative stages of the Hebrew faith and worship, as has been clearly pointed out by Prof. Delitzsch.

He repeats to us what others had made familiar, how, in addition to the story of the first man and his fall, Babylon had its story of a great Flood, from which the much younger Hebrew story is quite obviously made up, and calls attention to the significant fact that Babylonia is the natural birthplace of such a story, being pre-eminently a land of deluges. All that region around the Persian Gulf and the Bay of Bengal is the home of the cloudburst and the tornado, a storm there so recently as 1876 raising a tidal-wave which engulfed 2,500 square miles of territory to a depth of 45 feet, pausing only as it dashed against the highlands beyond and drowning 215,000 persons. It is in a country subject to such experiences that a universal flood story would naturally originate, not in Egypt, where it never rains, or in Palestine, where there are no tidal waves. The correspondence of the Babylonian with the Bible account is remarkably complete. One man is singled out by the god of the waters to be saved from the impending flood. He is directed to "build a ship of certain dimensions, to coat it thoroughly with pitch, and to put on board of it his entire family together with the seeds of all living things." The ship, after drifting about on the devastating waters, is finally stranded on a mountain. Then the ship-master, who is represented as recording the experience with his own hand, says: "On the seventh day I took forth a dove and released it; the dove flew hither and thither, but finding no resting-place, returned." Afterward a swallow was released with a similar result. Finally a raven was sent forth, and, finding a resting place, did not return. Thereupon the master and his family quit the ship and offered sacrifices.

Another striking fact: the ten Babylonian kings who reigned before the Flood are entered in the Genesis record as the ten antediluvian patriarchs. Also is it to be noted that all the post-diluvian traditions down to the time of Abraham are connected with Babylon and the Babylonian sphere of influence, no mention whatever being made of Egypt. The Hebrews naturally derived from other Semites their legends of the earliest times, and found in their mighty kindred to the southeast the first sources of law and custom. It is matter of no small interest to find that the Babylonians had their Sabbath. A calendar of observances exhumed makes the 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th of a given month, days on which no work should be done of any description, physicians even not being allowed to practice on these days. The exactness of correspondence to the Jewish Sabbath is not made out, but, as Delitzsch says, that here is the origin of the institution, is put beyond the shadow of a doubt.

For the whole people there were many gods, but it was not the practice of individuals to worship all these. Each according to his calling chose his own God whom he adored as the sole Supreme Divinity. So the early Israelites, with much inconstancy, chose Jehovah, while fully admitting the existence of a host of other gods. But likeness is much more traceable in ethics and in the theory of sin. As in every other great civilization, the fundamental rules of conduct were clearly enunciated substantially as they stand with us. The fifth, sixth and seventh commandments are found in the Babylonian moral code in the same order as in the Decalogue. Only in obedience to these rules could a person be in safety, for the gods were everywhere and infinitely watchful. As with the Jews, all afflictions of whatever sort were punishments for sin. The Babylonian Magus, called in to attend a sick man, took it for granted that the patient was suffering on account of some sin, and it was his business to ferret out the nature of it. Getting no admission of crime like murder or robbery, he carried his inquest further, and asked: "Hath this man refused to clothe one that was naked? Hath he refused light to one in prison?"

In all this we see the seeds of what is best in the Old Testament. In other things, in the abounding superstition of this ancient people, in their magic and divination, in the fierceness of their conceptions of gods and demons, we can see whence came much of the same nature in the Bible. The roots alike of the good and the bad in the old Hebrew scriptures stretch back to the most ancient kingdom by the Euphrates.

The most notable inscription thus far discovered is that upon a stele set up in Persia by the Babylonian king Hammurabi, and called his code,—the oldest, so far as known, in existence. Hammurabi is supposed to be identical with the Amraphel of the book of Genesis, where he is made to be a contemporary of Abraham. This, if accepted, necessitates some rectification of the received biblical chronology, according to which Abraham lived in the 20th century before Christ, while the date of Hammurabi is the first half of the 23d century. As the patriarch's lifetime was only 175 years, it cannot be stretched over this interval. Kaiser Wilhelm's designation of Hammurabi as "the friend of Abraham" is also hard to reconcile with Genesis, 14:17, where we are told that Abraham, having gone out with 318 men to meet the victorious hosts of this and three other kings all banded together, the valiant patriarch slew all four of them. This would indicate that if the Babylonian king was "the friend of Abraham," Abraham was no friend of his. But as at the currently received date of this marvelous battle, casting Marthon and Thermopylæ altogether in the shade, the good Hammurabi had been sleeping in his grave some two hundred years, he probably was not much disturbed by it. However, for the account of the patriarch's prowess see Genesis, 14, where, on high authority, "Amraphel, king of Shinar," is equivalent to Hammurabi, king of Babylon.

The now famous code is of considerable extent, made up of 282 edicts, of which all but about 35 are in good state of preservation, the document, with preface and epilogue, making in the English translation about 10,000 words, and intended practically to

cover all possible relations between man and man, and form a body of law adequate for the jurisprudence of a great state. It is couched in terms that at once call to mind the Hebrew law-books, leaving no room to doubt that the writers of these books were familiar with the older Babylonian code, now exhumed after a long sleep. A few of the many parallels will best show this. Regulation 14 is:

"If any one steal the minor son of another, he shall be put to death."

Exodus 21:16 reads: "And he that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, shall surely be put to death."

Regulation 112 is: "If any one be on a journey and intrust silver, gold, precious stones, or any movable property to another, and wish to recover it from him; if the latter do not bring all the property to the appointed place, but appropriate it to his own use, then shall this man who did not bring the property to hand it over be convicted, and he shall pay fivefold for all that had been intrusted to him."

Exodus 22:7, 8 covers the offence thus: "If a man shall deliver unto his neighbor money or stuff to keep, and it be stolen out of the man's house; if the thief be found, let him pay double. If the thief be not found, then the master of the house shall be brought unto the judges, to see whether he have put his hand unto his neighbor's goods." Here the old rule seems to have lost something of its wholesome rigor.

So the regulation concerning divorce had a humaneness in Babylon which it seems to have lost in Jerusalem. It runs (137): "If a man wish to separate from a woman who has borne him children, or from his wife who has borne him children,: then he shall give that wife her dowry and a part of the usufruct of field, garden and property, so that she can rear her children. When she has brought up her children, a portion of all that is given to the children, equal to that of one son, shall be given to her. She may then marry the man of her heart."

The biblical parallel is Deut. 24:1, 2: "When a man hath taken a wife and married her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, . . . then let him write her a bill of divorcement and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house. And when she is departed out of his house she may go and be another man's wife."

Regulation 195 runs: "If a son strike his father, his hands shall be hewn off." To this the biblical parallel (Ex. 21:15) is: "He that smiteth his father or his mother shall be surely put to death."

The two following regulations of Hammurabi are: "If a man put out the eye of another man, his eye shall be ut out. If he break another man's bone, his bone shall be broken." This is identical with the rule in Exodus decreeing the penalty "eye for eye, tooth for tooth," etc.

Comarison might be extended at great length, but this is unnecessary, as the Babylonian code is now easy of access, and readers can trace the points of agreement in the so-called Mosaic law for themselves. Differences exist, but they are only such as were required by a different environment and by the subjective changes effected in an interval of fifteen hundred years. (The oldest of the Hebrew law-books is now held to date from the latter part of the seventh century B. C., Hammurabi's code from not later than 2250 B. C.)

This most ancient book of laws is not to be considered as the original work of the king whose name is attached to it. It is doubtless in the main merely a codification of preëxisting rules, some of which had been in force time out of mind. Under Hammurabi Babylon was already in its glory, having then an authentic history extending back 1,500 years to Sargon I., who ruled about 3800 B. C. The memorable Flood, though in later times reputed universal, could not have been so, as, however destructive it may have been, it made no breach in the history of the kingdom, kings succeeding one another as though nothing had happened. In fact Hammurabi's grandfather was sitting on the throne at the very time when, according to the biblical account and the received chronology, Noah was afloat in his ark, careering over a drowned and desolated world; and if as we are told, Gen. 9:29, "Noah lived after the Flood three hundred and fifty years" (meeting an untimely death at barely 950 years of age), he was no doubt often the guest of Hammurabi in the king's palace at Babylon in the midst of a multitudinous people whose fathers and grandfathers had kept out of the wet as well as he.

The bearing on religious thought of what has been and is being discovered in the long-buried cities of the Euphrates and Tigris is too plain to need pointing out. Babel and Bible are so linked together that knowledge of the former enforces a new conception of the latter, reveals its primitive sources, corrects its history, helps us to distinguish between its facts and its fictions. Its superstitions, when seen to come from Babylon, are easier for some minds to shake off; while any good thing, traced up to that source, loses nought of its charm, for truth and beauty and goodness owe nothing to newness or to age or to place of origin, but remain always and everywhere divine.

Such is the plain, common-sense view of the matter; but in this, as in every case when something definite comes to light regarding the origin and composition of the Scriptures, the conservatives raise a great hullabaloo, as though the foundations of religion were being overturned by sacreligious hands. The notion seems to prevail with the old guard that as soon as anything is found out it ceases to be holy, that the only way to preserve the sanctities is to hedge them about with mysteries, to set up signs at every angle, "Keep Off the Grass"! to close the avenues of approach to all whose inquiring turn of mind would lead them to clear up any of the cacred fog that has so long hung about the subject. It is a dead loss to religion, the discovery whence came a Bible text, for the moment a human origin is found for it it ceases to be a word of God! Only that is of God which is exceptional, mysterious, not to be otherwise accounted for! But this is the sure road to atheism, for, on this principle, when reason has found out all things, as it is on the way to do, God will pass into non-existence. Better is it to think that inspiration is older than Moses, that God was already in his world in Babylonian times, that then, as afterwards, holy men spoke as they were moved by him.

Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, whose poems are an almost unalloyed delight, has one he calls "The Ballad of Dead Cities," of which I append an "adaptation" and extension:

Where are the cities of the plain?
  Where Asur's shrines? Where Bethezel?
And Calah built by Tubal-Cain?
  And Shinar whence King Amraphel
  Came out in arms, and fought so well
That his foes fled, in pits of slime
  To sink by Siddim sheer to hell;
Where are the cities of old time?

Where now is Karnak, that great fane,
  With granite built, a miracle?
And Luxor smooth without a stain,
  Whose graven scripture still we spell?
  The jackal and the owl may tell,
Dark snakes around their ruins climb,
  They fade like echo in a shell;
Where are the cities of old time?

And Shushan where Queen Vashti's train
  And beauty had no parallel,

And all the Jewish oil and grain
  Were brought to Mithredath to sell,
  Where Nehemiah could not dwell
Because he felt a call sublime
  To build the walls of Uriel?
Where are the cities of old time?

These cities all renounced their reign
  Long since, and Time rang out their knell,
Seeing their ancient prowess wane.
  We burrow on their sites, from Bel.
  Osiris, Mithra, to compel
Disclosures, though in pantomime,
  Whereby this questioning to quell—
"Where are the cities of old time?"

The gods, by long sleep chastened, deign
  To doff their helmets fierce and fell,
And tell their tales in tones urbane
  And soft as song of philomel.
  With these outgivings as they swell
To histories of milleniums, chime
  The blows of pick in desert, dell,
Where are the cities of old time.

Things which are mightiest remain,
  And they are deathless who excel;
Far more than founding Carthagène
  Has honor done for Hasdrubal.
  That truth is flower of sweetest smell
They know who find in dust and grime,
  By Nile, Euphrates, Heddekel,
Where are the cities of old time.

L'ENVOI.

And our towns! Of them, my Orelle,
  After a thousand years of crime
Will not men ask the oracle—
  Where are the cities of old time?

[NOTE ON THE POEM.—Mr. Gosse in his first stanza sends the good king Hammurabi (Amraphel) "sheer to hell." Naturally I couldn't have that. Furthermore, the poet has misread the Scripture (Gen. 14). Two battles are there described, in the first of which Amraphel and his allies, having already swept over a great part of Hither Asia, were victorious, putting the five opposing kings to headlong flight. It was they, not he, who fell into "pits of slime" (bitumen-pits) in eager haste to escape the sword. Later on, when the victors have sacked the cities of the plain and carried off the inhabitants, Abraham sets out with his 318 "trained men," falls upon and annihilates the combined hosts of Babylon and three other kingdoms! This marvelous battle was delivered "to the north of Damascus," and nothing is said of any slime-pits there. I have ventured therefore to recast the first stanza. Of the last three stanzas and the envoi Mr. Gosse is wholly innocent; only his second stanza stands here intact. For comparison see his ballad in "New Poems" (1879), p. 164.]

O Thou That Hearest Prayer.

As the babe's eager, searching lips imply
  The tender fountain of the mother's breast;
  As the seed's tiny bladelet, upward pressed,
Implies the sunshine and the o'er arching sky;
As hunger, food, its need to satisfy,
  As thirst the fountain answering to its quest,
  So doth the soul's deep longing and unrest
Imply a God that answers to its cry.

Oh, not into the insentient void of space
  Goes forth the soul's instinctive, longing sigh,
    Its cry for help, for succor in despair!
Though clouds and mystery conceal thy face,
  Thine ear is open and thy presence nigh
    To all who call, "O Thou That Hearest Prayer."

—*Helen E. Starrett.*

Corrections.

Dear UNITY:

Through a misplacement of the types, the footnote to my review of Dr. Savage's "Out of Nazareth," in the UNITY of February 4, was transposed from the review, printed some weeks earlier, of his "Men and Women." Thus some readers may have been in doubt as to which book was meant, though both are worth having. RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

St. Paul, Minn.

We are requested by the author to state that the article entitled "The Nature of Religion," by Prof. Ira G. Howerth, in last week's UNITY, contains the substance of a paper by Prof. Howerth on "What is Religion," which was published in the *International Journal of Ethics*, January, 1902. The note accompanying the manuscript sent to this office became detached in the vicissitudes of printing, hence the tardy acknowledgment.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Reviews by Mr. Chadwick.

THE DELIVERANCE.

This is a powerful story, rather than a pleasant one. We are permitted to believe that there was happiness in store for the hero and heroine in the unpublished volume of their history, to which the concluding chapter of this volume sounds a prelusive note. But within the limits of this volume the dominant note is painful in the extreme. Quite from the beginning the reader knows well enough what the end will be, but the end is long delayed. The situation turns about that of Miss Glasgow's "Voice of the People," a more significant and effective book than this, we cannot but believe. There one of the submerged has an impassioned love for a daughter of some great Virginian house. Here the son of such a house has such a love for the granddaughter of his father's overseer, by whom his father has been ruined and defrauded of his old estate. Hence in the son's heart an immense hatred for his father's enemy, and much of the story is taken up with the details of his revenge, the method of which was to strike the principal offender through the grandson upon whom he dotes. Fortunately the painfulness of the dominant scheme is relieved by the introduction of several humorous characters and by the happy loves of Lila Blake and Jim Weatherby. The old Confederate soldier, Tom Corbin, is a delightful character, and his talk is fine. So is that of his sister, wife of the planter who has lost his heritage. But her situation makes a too violent demand on our credulity. Miss Glasgow displays in this novel the same remarkable gift for producing effects of season, hour, and place, and atmosphere that has marked her other books. There is much of physical intensity in the descriptions of the lover and his lass and their mutual regards. In a good many details the book is not, as the critics say, convincing, as where Maria reads philosophy in old leather-bound books. With much power, both of conception and realization, the general impression is of defective art, nor are there such signs of that advance upon Miss Glasgow's earlier books as we had hoped to find.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

Mr. Dobson's talent for biography is less than his genius as a poet. His antiquarian habit breaks up his narration into a *staccato* that produces a confused effect. This impression is probably the more vivid because we have Macaulay's essay on Fanny Burney fresh in memory. Hardly could anything be more different than the manner of that copious essay (70 pp.) from Mr. Dobson's biographical sketch. That flows without a ripple; this breaks upon innumerable impediments. Like Mr. Dobson's "Richardson," it is a disappointing book. It is not so interesting as it ought to be with the material in hand. It is certainly much less so than Macaulay's essay, or Miss Burney's "Evelina," or Madame D'Arblay's "Diary." On the other hand, it corrects quite a number of Macaulay's errors of fact and inference.

Those who are best acquainted with "Evelina" and the "Diary" will derive the most pleasure from Mr. Dobson's book, and be the least satisfied with it. This seeming paradox is easily explained. The book will bring to mind the pleasure these persons have had in Miss Burney's writings, and it will oblige them to feel that, but for their previous knowledge of them, they would have got no adequate conception of them from Mr. Dobson's chapters. His praise of the "Diary" is very strong. It is as much more to him

"The Deliverance," a Romance of the Virginia Tobacco Fields, by Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1904.

"English Men of Letters," Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay) by Austin Dobson. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1903.

than "Evelina" as "Evelina" is more than "Camilla," to say nothing of "The Wanderer." But his extracts are as water unto wine compared with the "Diary," and his account of "Evelina" equally fails to reproduce the quality of that sprightly but uneven tale.

Whether as novelist or diarist Miss Burney's line of advance was one of progressive degeneration. The more she tried to do something fine, the less she succeeded. The more simple and spontaneous she was, the better. "Evelina" was so good because Evelina was in full measure herself, and her letters were written in much the same manner as his Fannikin wrote to Daddy Crisp. Dr. Johnson's friendship was one of the happiest experiences of her life, and his influence upon her style was one of her most profound misfortunes. This was but slightly manifest in her second novel, much more so in her third and fourth. It was most aggressively manifest in her editing of her father's memoirs, which not even Macaulay's partiality can endure. The five years during which she was attached to the household of George III. as the "Queen's Dresser" were infinite boredom for her, notwithstanding her sincere affection for the King and Queen, but they afford much interesting matter. What Mr. Dobson takes for granted, and barely mentions, will seem to many readers one of the most significant features of the "Diary"—the bathos of Miss Burney's abject obsequiency to royalty. Such humdrum royalty, too! But there is plenty of evidence that George III. was "the best of husbands" if "the worst of kings." Mr. Morley flouts his domestic happiness as "of the greasy kind," but it is impossible to finish Mr. Dobson's sketch, still less the "Diary," without having a kindly feeling for "Farmer George" and his daughters. As for his wife, Macaulay's indictment of "Old Charlotte" does not seem too stern, so indifferent was she to the comfort or health of her attendants, so blind to Fanny Burney's sufferings from the exigency of her demands upon her, and from the brutal tyranny of Mrs. Schwellenberg, Senior Keeper of the Robes, a woman intolerably ignorant, arrogant, captious and absurd. Mr. Dobson's insensibility to the pathos of Miss Burney's situation at the dreary Court in his book's principal defect. Royalty is so sacred in his eyes that he seems to think that Miss Burney did not appreciate her privilege in handing the Queen her stockings and lacing her refractory stays.

DR. JOHN BROWN.

There are what the vintners and wine-sellers call "small wines," and some of them are very good. There is something similar in literature, the limited production of good minds. Dr. John Brown's production was of this kind. Best known as the author of "Rab and his Friends" and "Marjorie Fleming," his work extended to three volumes of "Spare Hours," or, to use his own title, "Horae Subsecivae," and his loving cousin and biographer is not a little jealous for him, that the basis of his popular fame should be no wider than it is. He writes a succession of chapters which are very interesting and important on the "Spare Hours" as a whole and on its different parts. For the essay on "Locke and Sydenham" he has a very great liking, and he is eloquent in praise of it. His biographical sketch of Dr. John Brown is a good piece of work. There are writers of whose personality we have a strong sense. We care for the man behind the book as much as for the book. Dr. John Brown is one of these. His biographer endeavors to explain why this is so and meets with good success. It seems to us that it is fundamentally because "all mankind loves a lover" and because Dr. John Brown was one preëminently. See how he loved Thackeray and how he could love a dog. This book is a notable addition to our knowledge of the man and to our right understanding of his character and work. Moreover, it is a very beautiful book, one that is good to handle and to read.

THE RELIGION OF AN EDUCATED MAN.

Dr. Peabody's three "Haverford Library Lectures" are the lovely fruit of a profound religious meditation. The first, "Religion as Education," is a development of that idea which has closer personal association with Bushnell's name than with any other, but to the height of which Channing rose long in advance of Bushnell's Christian Culture, viz., that religion is education, the drawing out of the soul's latent powers, an evolution, not the revolution of the conversionist. The second lecture impresses us less favorably for the reason that, while the substance of its teaching is admirable, it seems to us to put too much pressure on the language of the New Testament for the purpose of extracting from it the appearance of conformity with a preconceived set of opinions. We have the disciple sitting at the feet of the Master with an extremely docile air, but the voice to which he listens is in reality the ventriloquial emission of his private thought. The situation is the more interesting because he is himself perfectly persuaded that the voice to which he reverently attends is an objective one. The third lecture, "Knowledge and Service," is a lofty and persuasive plea for the dedication of culture to social use. Here is a utilitarian doctrine that is of idealism all compact. We could wish that this lecture might be read by thousands of preachers and translated by them into the language proper to their individuality, if happily so its message might find entrance to innumerable hearts and lives. It affronts the business and the politics of our day with a serene and solemn accusation, and it lifts up a standard which should rally to it thousands of men in whom the heart of nobleness is still alive.

CRABBE.

If this is not one of the best of the "English Men of Letters," it is not the fault of the author, but of the subject. It is certainly one of the best in point of treatment, in the seriousness of the adaptation of this to the matter in hand. But Crabbe's poetry, though it has seldom been appreciated at its true value, will never be for many what it was for the loving eye of Edward Fitzgerald, of whose annotations to Crabbe's life by his son, Mr. Ainger has freely availed himself. It is a piece of good fortune when author and book support and magnify each other. That "Shakespeare is a voice merely" was to Emerson a great deduction from his value for us. Crabbe is not a voice merely, but the personality which is disclosed is not an attractive one. We are perhaps haunted overmuch by the dead baby in his cupboard, kept there for the purpose of dissection, and suspected of being her lately buried child by his landlady, but something of the grim and tasteless character of this incident attaches to his whole career. It is, moreover, a deduction from his general accusation of society that much of his life he was an unblushing pluralist, taking as many parishes as he could get from patronizing friends with but indifferent regard for his clerical responsibilities. It is always a relief when Mr. Ainger turns from Crabbe's life to his poetry, though much of this also is as grim and tasteless as possible. But Mr. Ainger has a quick eye for its best qualities and features and brings them out in an effective manner, not failing, either, to point out the particulars in which he failed. The effect of his book should join with that of Fitzgerald's splendid advocacy of Crabbe's claims to raise up for him a great many new readers. The realists, those especially who confound realism with crude reality, should find him very greatly to their mind.

*Dr. John Brown: A Biography and a Criticism. By the late John Taylor Brown. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1903.

The Religion of an Educated Man. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903.

Crabbe. By Alfred Ainger. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903.

GETTING A LIVING.

This is an ambitious, not to say pretentious book, written with extreme diffusiveness. It is essentially the work of one who is a *laudator temporis acti,* an apologist for the existing order. Not that he does not find much to criticise in this, but he finds nothing that impeaches its fundamental sanity. Socialism will not improve it, and his reasons for thinking so impress us as good reasons. Coöperation and profit-sharing, he is convinced, are forms of amelioration that require very special and limited circumstances for their successful operation. To trades-unionism he has a more kindly inclination. But he does not fail to see what is defective in its operation. His book earnestly attempts to do justice to all parties concerned in the great complication. Like his book on "Trusts and the Tariff," it marshals a great host of facts, some of which may be discredited, but we get a general impression of carefulness in the collection and use of material. Its solid core of truth is, we imagine, the persuasion that the better industrial order will be evolved from the present order by slow processes of evolution and not by any sudden revolution. As a whole the book does not, we think, begin to be so wise and helpful as Mr. John Graham Brooks's recent book on the same general subject, "Social Unrest."

Verses to Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Preacher of a liberal creed,
Pioneer in Freedom's cause;
Ever prompt to take the lead
In behalf of saner laws,
Still your speech persuasive flows
As the brooks of Helicon.
You have earned a fair repose,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson!

You have never stopped to fear
Taunt of opulence or place,
Smug convention's frosty sneer,
Fashion's elegant grimace.
In your youthful vision pure
Truth a constellation shone.
Truth is still your cynosure,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Throbbing with indignant zeal,
Lawlessly you sought to save
From the law's relentless seal
Burns the fugitive, a slave.
Your indictment came to naught,
For some flaw was hit upon.
Time is an enshrining court,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Wounded where the bravest fell
To redeem your fellow men;
Working by the double spell
Of your eloquence and pen;
Now that eighty years are scored,
Busy souls may pause to con.
'Twas the service of the Lord,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

You have printed many lines
To inspire an eager age.
Counsel wholesome as our pines,
Timely essays keen and sage.
Memories of "Oldport Days"
Which we love to dwell upon,
With your "Cheerful Yesterdays,"
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

* * * * * * *

Preacher of a liberal creed,
Pioneer in Freedom's cause;
Ever prompt to take the lead
In behalf of saner laws,
Still your speech persuasive flows
As the brooks of Helicon.
You have earned a fair repose,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson!

Robert Grant, in the February Atlantic.

*Getting a Living: The Problem of Wealth and Poverty—of Profits, Wages, and Trade Unionism. By George H. Bolen. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Under the Leaves.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blessed foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

Today the south wind sweeps away
The types of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers—
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet-flowers! with lips of bloom,
Outvying in your beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells—
Ye teach me faith and duty!

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
With love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees sweet flowers growing.

—*Albert Laighton.*

CHICAGO, UNITY CHURCH.—This Society is gradually feeling its way towards the next thing to do by holding services at Martine's Hall every Sunday morning, which have been conducted for the most part during the past months by the Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference. It is hoped that at an early day steps will be taken to build a new church more conveniently located and better adapted to its needs. In such a fruition all Chicago would rejoice, for the traditions of Unity Church are such as deserve to be perpetuated.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.—Rev. A. W. Martin has organized in connection with his society of Universal Religion a "Junior Branch" modeled after the adult organization. At a recent "Humane Sunday Gathering" eighty-two answered to the roll call. Here is another experimentor and experimentation on high lines. How to win and hold the young people is the unsolved problem in all the protestant churches. What a painful neglect of social privileges and waste of spiritual opportunities is represented by the apathetic gap in the lives of most young men and women in America, that lies between Sunday School regularity and the time years hence when family duties and perplexities press and they try with awkward spirits to re-enter again into some social fellowship on the high lines of morals and religion.

Foreign Notes.

PROFESSOR DOUMERGUE ON THE SERVETUS MONUMENT.—If hustling is the most salient characteristic of the American, leisureliness sometimes seems by contrast quite as striking in the European. The difference in temperament and methods is noticeable in more than one direction and an illustration in the field of journalism lies before me.

The expiatory monument to Michael Servetus was to have been unveiled on the 27th of October, the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the martyr's death. For reasons, it was deemed best to postpone the ceremony to November 1, the date of the annual festival of the Reformation. Due announcement was made of the day and hour, but diligent search of the columns of all subsequent issues of *Le Signal,* one of the most constant and active supporters of the monument project, failed to disclose any account of the actual ceremony until January 2. Then a more than two-column article on "the monument at

Champel" told what was said and done on that beautiful November Sunday when it was formally transferred by the monument committee to the permanent guardianship of the Parish Council of Plainpalais.

The full official account of these proceedings had already been widely distributed in pamphlet form, UNITY and M. E. H. being each favored with a copy.

Probably not many visitors to Geneva have, like Dr. Minot J. Savage, sought out the suburban spot where the burning of Servetus took place, and many may not know that as long ago as 1885, when the city celebrated the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Reformation, not only was the *rue des Chanoines*, in the old part of the city, renamed for Calvin and the *rue des Philosophes*, for Farel, but the way by which Servetus descended to meet his doom was rechristened *chemin de Michel Servet*.

It is below this street of painful memories and at the junction of two others, on a shaded slope, a hundred feet or so from the spot where the burning actually took place, that the monument now stands. Draped in black and violet, the colors of the ancient republic of Geneva, it awaited in the autumn sunshine of November 1, the simple ceremony of its public unveiling. The exercises on the spot were brief, consisting only of an address of presentation by the chairman of the monument committee and of acceptance of the trust by the president of the Parish Council of Plainpalais.

Those interested then adjourned to the Plainpalais church, where three addresses were delivered. The first, by Rev. Eugene Choisy, chairman of the monument committee, was historical in character, dealing with the life and death of Servetus. In conclusion the speaker said: "We relieve our conscience as protestants and as Christians by distinctly repudiating his execution as an act of intolerance contrary to the real principles of the Reformation, and in flagrant violation of the teachings of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Much the most striking address was that by Prof. Donmergue of the theological faculty at Montauban, the eminent biographer of Calvin, and the man to whose suggestion is largely due the carrying out of the monument project at this time. He addressed himself especially to three classes.

First to the free-thinkers, to whom he explained that, worthy as Servetus is of our respectful sympathy, it is not to him as an individual but as a type that this monument is erected. He might have been not merely a heretic in the eyes of Calvin, but impious also in our eyes, and the monument would have been no less legitimate and necessary. He represents all the victims of protestant intolerance.

Neither is this, it is needless to say, a monument to Calvin, for whom his followers have not attempted to bring forward even the excuses that might lessen his responsibility. Why should they? This was not an isolated case. Had the fagots never been lighted at Champel, the monument would be no less legitimate and needful. The putting to death of Servetus on account of his opinions has become for this generation a symbol and we accept it as such. It represents all the errors and all the faults of our Reformers and our Reform.

Some have criticized the expression "expiatory monument," saying that it is not possible for man to expiate his sins in the sight of God. This monument, however, was not erected for the sake of God but of men. It has been set up at this cross-roads to bid the passer-by stop, listen and reflect. To remind him that the Christian churches must not be confounded with the gospel of Christ. It is as true of churches as of men that there is not one righteous, no not one. Our fathers were men, therefore sinners, yet through that love for the gospel of Christ which they inspired in their children, these are now able to distinguish between the wonders which that gospel accomplished through their fathers and the mistakes which their fathers committed contrary to the gospel. For these latter the children assert and testify their regrets, their humiliation, all the more sincere and sorrowful because most filial.

Addressing himself next to catholics, the speaker continued somewhat as follows: Would you take account of the importance of our action and our monument, make this suppostion. Suppose that tomorrow the papers should publish the following announcement: "The nuncio from Paris has arrived in Rome and Pius X. at once conferred with him regarding a project which he has much at heart, namely the erection of an expiatory monument for Saint Bartholomew. To proclaim that he disavows, in the name of the Church, the part which the Church took in the persecutions and the intolerance of past centuries, the Pope has decided to erect in front of the Louvre and in the shadow of the church of *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, whose bell gave the signal for the famous massacre, a block of granite with this simple inscription: 'In the name of the Church and of Catholic Christianity: *peccavimus*.' The monument will be inaugurated the 24th of next August."

What astonishment there would be in the political as well as the religious world! What a demand there would be for the papers! How men would refuse at first to believe their eyes! And, suddenly, what force, what prestige would be regained by Rome! The most dangerous weapons would suddenly fall from the hands of its adversaries. Free-thought could no longer reproach it for the Inquisition. Protestants could no longer reproach it for the dragonnades or the revocation of the edict of Nantes. There would not have been seen since the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, a revolution so great and so profound as this.

Gentlemen, this is just the significance of our expiatory monument. It is true that the press of tomorrow will not say much about this ceremony today, and what it does say will probably cause little excitement in the world at large. No matter. In future, in face of the sad and terrible series of mistakes and crimes committed by religions and their churches through the centuries, there is a protest, and this protest comes, not like all those that have preceded it, from the mouths of the irreligious, it comes from the very depths of the heart of the believing. This is a church which protests against itself, in the name of religion, the true, in the name of the gospel.

Rome has no such desire. Never mind! Geneva has. And in the growing shadows which more and more obscure the pathway of our halting society, it is the old devise of the Calvinist Reformation which suddenly once again sheds its rays with renewed effulgence: *Post tenebras lux.*

Prof. Doumergue's closing remarks, of great tenderness and beauty, were addressed to those old Genevans and strict Calvinists who had hesitated to join in this movement. Space forbids extended translation of his demonstration of the pure Calvinism of this monument as a confession of sin. Finally, in fancy he sees Calvin, leaning on his disciple Beza, pacing slowly in the early autumn evening by this spot. Feeble and breathless from the exertion of the walk, his companion can just hear Calvin murmur, as they pause before this memorial stone: "They have understood that which I taught them. To us the shame and confusion of face." Then lifting his doctor's cap with a well-known gesture, and gazing upward, he ends a meditation which becomes a prayer with the slowly uttered syllables: "To God alone the glory. . . . . *Soli Deo gloria!* . . . . The glory of God!"

With the singing of Luther's hymn, in which the whole assembly joined, the service was concluded. M. E. H.

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